THE

*LADY's*

# MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1807.

## *DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK.*

Grief's conflict gave these hairs their silver shine;
  Torn ensigns which victorious age adorn:
Youth is a dress too garish and too fine,
  To be in foul tempestuous weather worn.

Grief's want of use does dang'rous weakness make;
  But we by use of burdens are made strong:
And in our practis'd age can calmly take
  Those sorrows, which like fevers vex the young.

DAVENANT.

AUGUSTA, Duchess of Brunswick, sister to our beloved sovereign, is the eldest daughter of his Royal Highness Frederick, late Prince of Wales, and Augusta, Princess of Saxe Gotha. She was born at St. James's Palace, July 31, O. S. or August 11, N S. 1737.

At the general peace in 1763, after the conclusion of the seven years' war, his Serene Highness, Ferdinand, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick Lunenburgh, who, during the war, had distinguished himself with the greatest renown, particularly at Minden and Warbourg, came over to England to demand the hand of the princess in marriage, where he was received with all the honours due to his illustrious birth and consummate merit. He landed at Harwich, January 12, 1764, and on the evening of the following day

arrived at Somerset-house, in the king's equipage, which had been sent forward to meet him, attended by several noblemen, who went to wait his arrival at Harwich. The next morning his serene highness waited on their majesties and the rest of the royal family, and on the 16th, at seven in the evening, the ceremony of the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta with his most serene highness the hereditary Prince of Brunswick Luuenburgh, was performed in the great council chamber, by his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the venerable Dr. Secker. None but peers and peeresses, peers' eldest sons, and peers' daughters, privy counsellors and their wives, and foreign ministers, were admitted to be present at the ceremony. Their royal highnesses remained a few hours at St. James's, and then repaired to Leicester-house, the residence of the Princess Dowager of Wales, where a grand supper was prepared, at which were present their Majesties, the Princess Dowager, Prince William, the illustrious Duke of Cumberland, and Prince Henry, the late Duke of that name, and the rest of the royal family.

The next day their Majesties, her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, and their Royal and Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Brunswick, received the compliments of the nobility and gentry, which were followed by most dutiful and affectionate addresses from both Houses of Parliament, and the city of London.

His serene highness, during his stay in London, was sumptuously entertained by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, and many of the principal nobility and gentry; and confirmed all ranks in those sentiments of love and esteem, which his behaviour in the British army in Germany, during the seven years' war, had so justly inspired. Their highnesses, on leaving London, generously ordered 500l. each, for the relief of poor prisoners for debt.

On the 26th their highnesses set out for Harwich, loaded with sumptuous presents from their Majesties and the rest of the royal family, and attended by the tears of many, and the good wishes of all, which the prince returned by his prayers for the success of this nation, for which, he said, he had already bled, and would again with pleasure, on any future occasion.

On their arrival at the seat of Lord Abercorn, at Witham, in Essex, a grand entertainment was provided for their highnesses, and they were met by many of the nobility of both sexes, who came to offer their compliments of congratulation.

On their arrival at Harwich, the corporation waited upon them with a respectful address, and had the honour of kissing the princess's hand. On the 30th, their highnesses, in different yachts, set sail from Harwich, but did not reach Helvoetsluys till the 2d of February, having been overtaken by very bad weather, in which there was the greatest reason to fear their highnesses had perished, as several days elapsed before any certain and agreeable account of them reached London.

On landing at Helvoetsluys, their serene highnesses were complimented on the part of the Prince of Orange, by the great cup-bearer, by the chargé des affaires of the King of Great Britain and the regency of Hanover, and by the minister of the Duke of Brunswick. The prince proceeded by land, while her royal highness went on board one of the yachts of the Prince of Orange, and on her arrival at Delft, she was met by the hereditary prince, the reigning Duke Lewis of Brunswick, and the English ambassador. The equipage of the prince stadtholder, with an escort of body guards, conducted her from Delft to the Hague, to his palace, called the Old Court, where, on alighting from her coach, she was received by the prince stadtholder. Her royal highness received, some time after, the compliments of the foreign ministers, and a great number of persons of distinction. The states-general, the states of Holland, and the council of state, upon news of their highnesses' arrival, nominated a deputation of their most distinguished members, to compliment them upon their safe arrival, and the happy conclusion of their marriage; but as they declined receiving these deputations in form, all the colleges had the honour to make their compliments without ceremony. The prince stadtholder gave the same day a grand dinner and supper, at his palace, to their royal and serene highnesses, who were entertained on the following days by the Duke Lewis of Brunswick, uncle to Prince Ferdinand, and General Yorke, the English ambassador. In their progress from hence to

Brunswick, they received the congratulatory compliments of all the towns through which they passed, the burgesses attending them under arms, while the air resounded with acclamations of joy. On the 19th, the hereditary prince arrived at Brunswick; and on the 21st her royal highness followed. She was met at Wenden, three miles from Brunswick, by a party of light horse; and when she came within one mile of the town, by the reigning duke, the duchess, Prince Ferdinand, and the whole illustrious family, who were come in six coaches and six. After reposing some time in a large splendid pavilion, the reigning duchess and her royal and serene highness set out in an open coach, that the people might see her. During her passage, and at her approach to town, attended by military music, ninety guns were thrice discharged, and the bells of the town and adjacent places were rung. On her entering the city, she was received with all possible military honours, and with the utmost parade and splendor. Her affable and courteous behaviour quickly conciliated the affections of her future subjects, which, when afterwards raised to the ducal seat, she retained and augmented, by the most benevolent attention to their interest, and the most anxious solicitude to promote their welfare.

Her royal highness has had seven children. 1. A princess, born December 3, 1764. 2. Charles George Augustus, born at St. James's, February 8, 1766, during a visit to England, which their highnesses made in this year. 3. Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, now Princess of Wales, born May 17, 1768. 4. A daughter, June 26, 1764. 5. A prince, August 18, 1770. 6. William Frederic, October 9, 1771. 7. A princess, November 22, 1772.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## *OLD WOMAN.*

### NO. CVIII.

I HAVE often been asked by those who wish to pay a compliment to my age and experience, "how far it may be advisable or profitable for a woman to travel?" The question demands some consideration, and therefore I shall make it the subject of my present paper.

Travelling, in a general light, may be regarded as an improver and enlarger of the mind, if undertaken through proper motives, and conducted on suitable principles; but notwithstanding the benefits which it is calculated to convey, we do not find that many reap any real advantage from it; on the contrary, numbers have their natural feelings perverted, and imbibe notions incompatible with their happiness and their duty, from visiting foreign lands. That men of fortune, however, particularly those who are destined to fill, or who aspire to public stations, should make themselves acquainted with the manners, customs, productions, and institutions of other countries, will scarcely be denied by any one who reflects that talents without experience are often dangerous weapons; but that the young, the heedless, and the dissipated, should think it a necessary part of education to visit the Continent, is what I can never allow, before they have made themselves intimately acquainted with their own country—a country replete with beauties, and presenting more features of attraction and interest than any under the sun.

It strikes me, therefore, as a fortunate circumstance for our patrician youth, that their manners have neither been corrupted, nor their sentiments warped of late years by foreign travel; the state of the Continent being such, that they have been in general obliged to confine themselves to home travels, from which, if they were careless to derive much advantage, they have received no detriment.

And admitting the justice of my remarks as applying to the male sex, it surely will not be contended for, that ladies

can seek for improvement beyond the limits of the British Isles. I know indeed some women who have, from peculiar situations, been called on to expatiate, and who have returned more amiable and accomplished than before; but, on the contrary, I have observed that the generality of travelled ladies are vain, affected, and indelicate, and that they have imported little more than a cargo of foolish fashions, and errors, or absurdities, which stick by them for the rest of their lives, and render them disagreeable to all their connections. In fact, though we may not in reality be more virtuous than other nations, the British females are unquestionably the most decorous of any in the world, and they possess an innate modesty and delicacy of feeling which they can never exchange for the effrontery and freedom of the ladies of other parts of Europe, without being "shorn" of half their charms.

Men, however, whose education has been too domestic, are generally found shy and awkward; and under proper guidance, and at a proper age, it is not only right, but advantageous for them to be able to see and compare, to act and to decide for themselves. Englishmen, in particular, have a natural *mauvaise honte*, which renders them frequently uncomfortable to themselves, and diminishes their sphere of utility. Travel, and an intercourse with the world, are the most likely means of counteracting this natural impression, and of calling their talents into action. But as for the ladies, they may reap a sufficient knowledge of foreign countries from reading books of travels, tours, and voyages; and such books I most earnestly recommend to their attention in preferance to insipid novels and ridiculous romances.

Indeed the other sex, who have neither leisure nor fortune to enable them to travel, however ambitious they may be of improvement, and however well qualified they may be to pass through foreign countries, without being contaminated by their vices, may, generally speaking, derive every necessary advantage from reading, and certainly at much less risk and expence than by actual observation.

But as far as concerns the knowledge of our own country, I consider it indispensable not only to *read*, but to *examine;* and, as far as circumstances will allow, to become acquainted with its localities, and the situation and pursuits of its in-

habitants. Even my own sex may innocently and profitably make the tour of Wales, or of the Highlands of Scotland; they may visit the manufactures of Birmingham and Manchester, and view the noble ecclesiastical erections of Oxford and Cambridge. In such excursions, they will improve their health and expand their minds; and though I despise mere loco-motion without some consistent object, I do not object to an occasional sojourn at a public place, provided the heart is guarded against frivolity and extravagance, which are too frequently the inmates of such haunts. But as few comparatively can afford to travel with any degree of comfort, let not such be satisfied to sit down in sullen ignorance, or think that their lot is hard to be debarred from excursing from their homes. Both the duty and the happiness of women, as I have already a thousand times observed, centre in domestic enjoyments; and if they cannot travel, they have ample opportunities of acquiring the most authentic local information, from the numerous excellent tours which have been published relative to the United Kingdom within the last thirty years. Indeed were such works to supersede the pestiferous swarm of novels which are daily issuing from the press, our females would be more agreeable companions, and they would not be under the necessity, as is frequently the case at present, of either being silent when they hear discussions relative to distant parts of the kingdom, or of exposing their ignorance by hazarding observations for which they have no authority. No kind of reading is more amusing or more instructive than voyages, travels, and tours, and they are peculiarly fitted for ladies, who, as they seldom have it in their power to travel, can only acquire knowledge from the labours of others. Perhaps I could not render a more acceptable piece of service to my fair sex than by recommending some books of this class for their use; but presuming that every well-educated female has some friend who is capable of directing her choice, I hazard not the appearance of partiality, by bringing forward some works at the expence of others. I shall only just observe, that the more concentrated the form in which such books are published the better, both on the score of expence and time.

## *EFFECTS OF LOVE.*

EGINARDUS was secretary of state to Charlemaign, and having placed his affections much higher than his condition admitted, made love to one of his daughters; who, seeing this man of a brave spirit, and a grace suitable, thought him not too low for her whom merit had so eminently raised above his birth: she loved him, and gave him free access to her, so far as to suffer him to converse and read in her chamber on evenings, which ought to have been kept as a sanctuary where reliques are preserved. It happened on a winter's evening, Eginardus (ever hasty in his approaches, but negligent about returning) had somewhat too long continued his visit: in the mean time a snow had fallen, which troubled them both; he feared to be betrayed by his feet, and the lady was unwilling that such prints should be found at her door. Being much perplexed, love, which taketh the diadem of majesty from queens, made her do an act for her lover, very unusual for the daughter of one of the greatest men upon earth; she took the gentleman upon her shoulders, and carried him all the length of the court to his chamber, he never setting a foot to the ground, that so the next day no impression might be seen of his footing. It fell out that Charlemaign watched at his study this night, and hearing a noise, opened the window, and perceived this pretty prank, at which he could not tell, whether he were best to be angry or to laugh. The next day, in a great assembly of lords, and in the presence of his daughter and Eginardus, he asked what punishment that servant was worthy of who made use of a king's daughter as of a mule, and caused himself to be carried on her shoulders in the midst of winter, through night, snow, and all the sharpness of the season. Every one gave his opinion, and not one but condemned that insolent man to death. The princess and secretary changed colour, thinking nothing remained for them but to be flayed alive. But the emperor looking on his secretary with a smooth brow, said, "Eginardus, hadst thou loved the princess my daughter, thou oughtest to have come to her father, the disposer of her liberty; thou art worthy of death, and I give thee two lives at this present, take thy fair porteress in marriage, fear God, and love one another."

## *LE MELANGE.*

### NO. XIII.

THE following extract is from a valuable publication, to which I already owe obligation, and from which (as the volumes are not exactly adapted for a Lady's library) I may probably continue occasionally to glean.

### *Fine Thoughts.*

APULEIUS calls those neck-kerchiefs so *glassy* fine, which in veiling discover the beautiful bosom of a woman, by a Latin name, which may be translated "woven air." It is an expression beautifully fanciful.

P. Commire, a pleasing writer of Latin verse, says of the flight of a butterfly, "It flies, and seems a flower which floats in air."

Menage has these two terse and pointed lines on the portrait of a lady;

"In this portrait, my fair, thy resemblance I see,
"An insensible charmer it is—just like thee.

A French poet has admirably expressed the instantaneous sympathy of two lovers. A Princess is relating to her confidante the birth of her passion, and says,

"Et comme un jeune cœur est bientot enflammé,
Il me vit, il m'aima; Je le vis, Je l'aimai."

Soon is the youthful heart by passion mov'd,
He saw and lov'd me; him I saw, and lov'd.

---

### *Remarkable Instance of Fidelity to his Engagement, in an Indian King.*

When the Portuguese came first into the East Indies, the king of Cochin, called Trimumpara, made peace, and a league of amity with them. Soon after, there was a conspiracy against this new and suspected nation. The king of

Calecut, who was rich and strong in soldiers, drew his forces and friends together, and sent to the king of Cochin in the first place, that if he would deliver up those few Portuguese, he should be free from danger or molestation. But he replied, "That he would lose all, rather than falsify his faith." When any of his subjects persuaded him to yield them up, he said, "he esteemed them worse enemies than the king of Calecut; for he did endeavour to take away only his kingdom, or life, but they would take from him the choicest virtues; that his life was a short and definite space, but the brand of perfidiousness would remain for ever." In the mean time the king of Calecut made war with him, overcame him, drove him from his kingdom, and enforced his retreat into an island not far off. In his flight he took no greater care for any thing, than to preserve those few Portuguese; nay, when thrust out, though his enemy offered him his kingdom again, upon condition he would surrender them; he constantly refused it, and said, "that his kingdom and sceptre might be taken from him, but not his faith."

---

### *TO THE HOLLY.*

When chill December's snows bestrew the ground,
And winter's horrors spread profusely round;
'Tis mine, dear tree, in mem'ry to renew
The smiling spring in all its lovely hue;
Nor do thy cheering beauties grow in vain,
They warm devotion in the holy fane;
Whence joyous hope looks forward to behold,
Again the custom of the days of old.
Memorial of the still revolving year,
In ev'ry Christian house thy boughs appear;
While mirth and jollity delight to see,
The friendly Misletoe entwin'd with thee:
And skreen beneath the think proverbial shade,
Stol'n kisses from the half-unwilling maid.

---

### *Anecdotes of an Absent Man.*

Dr. Thomas, the late Bishop of Salisbury, was remarkable for that turn of mind which the French call *etourdi*, and is so often attended with whimsical accidents through

absence and inattention. He forgot the day he was to be married, till his servant put him in mind of it, by bringing him a new hat, coat, and wig finely powdered.—One day, while he was talking, a gnat bit his leg severely; the doctor stooped and scratched the leg of a gentleman standing near him, who, smiling at his absence, never interrupted him, the gnat all the time kept biting on.—The doctor once made a party with three friends, almost as absent as himself, to go in a coach to Windsor. When they were in the coach, they began to dispute about some points of philosophy, and when they had got about half way, they perceived that the coachman loitered; Mr. Desmaiseaux, who was one of the company, put his head out of the door, and cried to the coachman, "Allons donc! Allons donc!" The man thought he said, "to London, to London;" and replied, turning his horses about, "as you please, gentlemen." The debate continuing, these four learned absentees never perceived that they were going back till they came to the turnpike nearest to London, when they found that, instead of being at Windsor, where a good dinner waited for them, they were very near the place from whence they set out.

---

### *Astonishing Calculation in Printing.*

It appears by a calculation, made by the printer of Steeven's edition of Shakespeare, that every octavo page of that work, (text and notes,) contains two thousand six hundred and eighty distinct pieces of metal; which, in a sheet, amount to forty-two thousand eight hundred and eighty: the misplacing of any one of which would infallibly cause a blunder. With this curious fact before our eyes, surely the accurate state of our printing, in general, is to be admired; and our errata ought more freely to be pardoned, than the fastidious minuteness of certain critics allows.

---

### *The Discovery of Purple.*

The Dying of Purple was first invented at Tyre, and by a mere accident. A dog having seized a fish, called Conchilis, or Purpura, stained his lips with that delightful colour,

which led to the discovery; and it soon became the richest and most valued colour by persons of the first quality, and will probably ever continue in the highest estimation.

---

### *Curious and wonderful Fact.*

THE twenty-four letters of the alphabet are capable of being joined, or combined, as many different ways as are expressed by the following figures, 5,852,616,738,497,664,000.

---

### *Anecdote of an Algerine Captain, exhibiting a pleasing Instance of strict Friendship.*

DURING the bombardment of Algiers, by the Marquis du Quesne, the inhabitants carried their cruelty to such a pitch, as to tie the French prisoners alive to the mouth of their cannon. A French officer, named Choisseul, and friend to an Algerine captain, was bound to the mouth of a cannon, when the captain being present, soon recognized him. He instantly solicited his friend's pardon; but not being able to obtain it, he darted upon the executioners, and three times rescued Choisseul. At length, finding all his efforts useless, he fastened himself to the mouth of the same cannon, entangled himself in Choisseul's chains, tenderly and closely embraced him, and addressed the cannonier in these words: "Fire, for as I cannot save my friend and benefactor, I will die with him." The Dey, who witnessed this shocking sight, passed many eulogiums upon the generosity of his subject, and exempted Choisseul from death.

---

### *Curious Advertisement from an old Newspaper.*

A YOUNG lady, just come out of Derbyshire, has strayed from her guardian; she is remarkably genteel and handsome; she has been brought up by a farmer near Derby, and knows no other, but they are her parents; but it is not so, for she is a lady by birth, though of but little learning; she has no cloaths with her but a riding habit, which she

used to go to market in; she will have a fine estate, as she is an heiress, but knows not her birth, as her parents died when she was a child, and I had the care of her, so she knows not but I am her mother; she has a brown silk gown on, that she borrowed of her maid, that is died silk, and her riding-dress a light drab, lined with blue tammy, and it has blue loops at the button-holes; she has out-grown it; and I am sure she is in great distress, both for money and cloaths; but whoever has relieved her, I will be answerable, if they will give me a letter where she may be found; she knows not her own sir-name; I understand she has been in Northampton for some time; she has a cut on her forehead. Whoever will give me an account where she may be found, shall receive twenty guineas reward. Direct for M. W. George Inn, Derby.

---

### *THE FIRST OF APRIL.*

Now dawns the day, to folly ever dear,
And deem'd by her the fairest of the year;
April's first morn, distinguish'd by her birth,
To sloth she gives the day; the night to mirth.
Comes when the hooting owls begin their flight,
For folly keeps her holiday—*at night.*

---

## *THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER.*

(Continued from page 80.)

THOUGH *time* was entirely at my own disposal, yet I began to be impatient for the arrival of a stage, which my sagacious landlord observing, recommended his horses as the fleetest upon the road, and assured me that his post-chaises were equal to any gentleman's coach; but as travelling *solus* always was my aversion, I resolved to wait for the first vacant place. Scarcely had I made this resolution when my ears were regaled with the sounds of an *horn*, and in a few seconds I perceived the D***** stage approach, and drive into the yard.

"Any room, coachey?" was the first enquiry. "Yes, your honour," the fortunate reply; therefore, placing my-

self opposite the vehicle, I watched the countenance of each passenger as they descended the steps. The first who appeared, was a young lady, apparently about nineteen; her countenance was expressive of softness and sensibility, and she received the offered civility of my hand with a gracious smile. "Will you," said she, "have the goodness to assist my father, who unfortunately is lame." This intreaty was made in a tone of voice so harmonious, that a Cynic could not have refused, and I easily recognized the object of her solicitude by his pallid countenance and crutch. "I beg ten thousand pardons for giving you so much trouble," said the stranger, resting his hand upon my arm; "but this vile gout has made me almost as helpless as a child." A hand, white as alabaster, was extended towards him. "No, my Louisa;" said the invalid, "I will lean upon this gentleman and the waiter, for I am persuaded you have not strength to support my weight." The interesting girl withdrew a few paces to make way for the man, but every step her father took seemed to excite apprehension, and she repeatedly exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake mind where you tread!" As soon as he had descended the steps, she presented the crutch to him; when gracefully taking off his hat, he expressed his acknowledgments for the assistance I had afforded him, in the most polished terms, and taking the offered arm of his daughter, walked, or rather hobbled, into the house.

A young man, whom I found to be an attorney, now sprang down the steps, declaring with an oath, that he thought the old codger intended to have kept him *boxed* up all *day*. This polished spark offered his hand to a lady *dressed* in the very height of fashion which at present pervails. Though *dress*, I am inclined to think, is an improper epithet, for her person might as well have been covered with a gauze veil, as every limb was perceptible; and, as to her bosom!———but there description fails.

As I intended joining the company, I entered the apartment just as the waiter was carrying in a plate of cold ham. "This is rather an early hour," said the old gentleman, "for a luncheon; but we breakfasted at six, and as I am not a fashionist, I *eat* when I am *hungry*, and *drink* when I am *dry*." He not only offered part of the regale

to his former fellow travellers, but intreated me to partake; at the same time good-humouredly telling his daughter that he insisted upon her eating a little bit; "For, consider, my love," said he, "you have not enjoyed the usual refreshment of sleep." The obedient girl followed her father's direction; and though uninfluenced by hunger, I did not reject the polite offer which was made; though the tonish lady declared it had a *canine appearance* to be devouring much meat at that time of the day. The sprig of the law called for a biscuit and a glass of cherry bounce, informing us that he was to dine with his friend, Sir Charles Bunbury, at half past seven o'clock, and was resolved not to spoil his appetite, as he knew he should have a most delectable treat. "Sir Charles," continued he, "sports the best table of any man within fifty miles round; and as to his cellar, (with an oath), I will bet a thousand there is not such another in the world. He is a five bottle man, sir, and yet I have had the honour of making him devilishly drunk; to night we are to have a complete *set* at the *bottle*, for it is the first jolly bout since his mother's death." "And is *that* the method your friend adopts to prove his sorrow for the loss of a parent?" enquired Louisa, with a severity of countenance I scarcely thought it possible for her to have assumed. "And an excellent *one it is*, I think," replied her fellow traveller, "for I do not hold that it is better to go to the house of *mourning*, than to the *house* of *joy*."

Evidently shocked by the prophaneness of this declaration, (Miss Middleton, which I now understood was her name,) turned from him with such an air of contempt and abhorrence, that virtue for once seemed to have disconcerted *vice*; but recovering himself in a few moments he began humming a tune.

The young lady, who had declared it shockingly disgusting to eat meat in the middle of the day, had, unperceived by me, quitted the apartment, and I followed her example for the purpose of seeing my trunk removed; and entering the bar unexpectedly, I perceived her tossing off a glass of gin.

Embarrassed by my mal a propos appearance, her features instantly underwent a change, and clapping her hands

upon her stomach, she complained of a most excruciating pain; and addressing herself to the landlady, expressed her fears lest the *cordial water* should fly up into her head. The scent of the *cordial water*, however, was not to be *mistaken*, although she was endeavouring to conceal it by a handful of carraway seeds, and, throwing down a shilling, she hurried out of the bar. My curiosity was raised by this circumstance, and I enquired whether the landlord knew that lady's name: "Yes, sir," said he, "that LADY is an old acquaintance of *mine*, she used to be called *Polly Portsmouth*; she then assumed the name of *Miss Latouche*; but I find she booked herself by that of *Mrs. Manners*; and she may be some other person before the end of next month, for she is something like the camelion, and changes her name according to the heat of the sun.—Mr. Manners, I know to be a man of fortune, so now it shines pretty warm."

I could not help smiling at the witticism of my landlord, but was prevented from making my observation upon it, by a summons from the driver of the coach, and flew to the assistance of Mr. Middleton, who had already reached the steps of the door. We were no sooner seated than Mrs. Manners thought it prudent to make the company acquainted with a *constitutional complaint* which had affected her stomach for a number of years; when the sympathizing Louisa immediately asked her father whether he had not some of his gout cordial left; at the same time implored her fellow traveller to take a small glass, assuring her she would find benefit from it, and that it would *not affect* her *head*. After a variety of squeamish apologies, Mrs. Manners consented to follow the fair physician's advice, but with many distortions of countenance, declaring that she never, but in cases of *necessity*, drank any thing stronger than Rhenish wine.

We had not proceeded far when the vehicle was surrounded by a number of children, who were eagerly running after it, without either stockings or shoes, imploring the charity of those within, and outside the coach. The latter gratified the unfeeling propensity of their nature by promising a reward to those who got first, and the poor

little creatures, breathless from exertion, seemed wholly insensible to the sharpness of the stones, although a crimson current marked their footsteps, for the road was newly spread with flints.

The agitated Louisa repeatedly called to the coachman, conjuring him to stop, that she might divide something amongst them, and by that means prevent them from following the coach, but he either *did not*, or *would not*, hear her, and the outside passengers continued to urge them on.

"What wretches!" exclaimed the amiable girl, clasping her hands together: "to sport with the misery of a fellow creature is cruelty indeed! but the *parents* of those helpless children!—Great God! can they have parents? No, no; they must be *orphans*—poor unpitied babes!"

"La! Miss, why do you *look* at *'em?*" said Mrs. Manners, "but they don't mind it no more than nothing at all: I very often travel this road; yet, Lord bless ye, I never thinks of minding such a parcel of dirty brats; and as to their *feet*, why I have heard they scratch them just enough to make 'em bleed."

Miss Middleton made no reply to her fellow traveller, but implored the children to return, at the same time threw out half a crown, which she informed them was to be divided into equal parts. I instantly adopted the bright example; our carriage was followed by the children's prayers, but Mrs. Middleton completely proved that she did not mind *'em*, and that their solicitations made no impression upon her heart; whilst the attorney thrust himself into a corner, and pretended to be asleep.

"I would put a stop to that practice," said Mr. Middleton, "if I resided in this neighbourhood; it is a reproach to humanity, and a disgrace to every justice of the peace."—"Sir," replied the lawyer, "the parents of those children are supported, in great measure, by the charitable donations which they receive; and a justice of the peace would find it very difficult to prevent a practice which is attended with so beneficial an effect.

"Beneficial!" repeated the old gentleman. "Yes, *beneficial*, I say; for by this means I am persuaded the *parish* is saved from a heavy expense. If the *poor* will not work, they must be *supported*, and *parish rates* of course must

increase."—"Then to save parish rates," rejoined Mr. Middleton, "you would have children trained up to beggary, rather than taught their duty to God and man; and have their health sacrificed as well as their principles, to prevent the parish from incurring expense."

At this moment a waggon overtook us, the driver of which was sleeping upon the shafts, and though the coachman called to him in the loudest accents, to take care of a heap of stones, the front wheel went over it, and he was thrown off, when, falling completely under the axle-tree, the hind wheel passed over his legs. Louisa (who, as well as myself) perceived the melancholy accident, uttered a piercing shriek, and, at the same moment, clapped her hands before her eyes.

All was now terror and confusion; the coachman and outside passengers descended from the stage, whilst the groans of the poor sufferer penetrated to my heart. Fortunately, we were within an hundred yards of a public-house, which the horses belonging to the waggon evidently knew, for they moved slowly on, regardless of the coachman's voice.

I descended from the carriage with the view of rendering the poor fellow every assistance in my power, and then perceived that both legs were not only broken, but perfectly shattered, by the weight of the wheel. I ran, or rather *flew*, to the house of entertainment, and, with the assistance of the master, raised a gate from the hinge, and spreading a small mattrass upon it, conveyed it to the spot where the wounded man lay. From excess of torture the poor wretch had fainted; our humane coachman supposed him dead, and, whilst the tear of sensibility illumined his countenance, he informed me that all assistance would be vain. I felt his pulse, and finding life was not extinguished, desired some person to run to a neighbouring brook; some water was procured, and, after sprinkling a little upon the sufferer's forehead, he opened his eyes, and uttered a deep groan.

Lifting up my eyes, I beheld the too susceptible Louisa standing before me, with clasped hands, appearing at that moment more transcendently lovely than any being I had ever before beheld. "My father, sir," said she, "intreats

your presence; he will not detain you a moment from your charitable employ; but our fellow-travellers are becoming impatient, yet he cannot bear the idea of this poor creature being left in an unprotected state."

"Well, doctor, how is your patient?" enquired the attorney, who had not even sufficient humanity to descend from the coach: "D —— it, I am afraid this terrible accident will detain us beyond my friend's *dining hour*."—"Lord bless me, what can the coachman be after?" rejoined Mrs. Manners, "there's people enough to take care of the poor wretch; for my part, I would not have seen him for ten thousand pounds; for I am sure and certain I should have dreamed of him every night for this month to come."

I felt too hearty a contempt for both parties, to make any reply, but, addressing myself to Mr. Middleton, requested to be favoured with his commands; when, with an air of humanity, which did honour to his feelings, he declared his resolution of not pursuing his journey until he had seen proper care taken of the poor man; and as it was not likely the stage could wait for him, he proposed our jointly taking a post-chaise. I seized his hand, and pressed it with fervour, saying, "most joyfully, my dear sir, do I accord with that plan; for I had previously formed the resolution of resigning my place, conceiving it a *duty incumbent* upon me to see the poor creature had proper advice:" as I said *this*, I cast a reproachful glance at my hard-hearted fellow-travellers, adding, "You recollect, Mr. Middleton, the parable of the *good Samaritan*, and the *Levite* and *Priest*."

"A good *hit*, *faith!*" exclaimed the unfeeling mortal, "you, my fair traveller, are the Levite, and *I* am the *Priest*; that gentleman, however, seems to be acting the part of *Moses*, and giving *us* the *law*; but every man in his humour, I say; each for *themselves*, and God for us all."

As the worthy Mr. Middleton was not able to descend from the vehicle without the aid of steps, he was driven to the house of entertainment, and I remained with the landlord, for the purpose of assisting him in the painful office of carrying the sufferer to his house. Unfortunately, it happened to be a lone one, and no carriage of any kind was to be procured; but Mr. Jenkins, which was the name

of the landlord, informed us that we could have an excellent post-chaise from the neighbouring town; we therefore ordered the person who was dispatched for the surgeon to return in one. We likewise sent for the master of the waggon, who lived within half a mile, and who, we had the satisfaction of hearing, was a very *humane man*. Impatiently did we await the surgeon's arrival, yet all hope of his being of any service had failed; as we discovered that the poor creature had received some inward injury by the fall, for scarcely had he reached Mr. Jenkins's when he began spitting blood.

The honest farmer arrived half an hour before the doctor, and never did I witness a more affecting scene than that which took place between the master and the servant; the former of whom actually wept like a child, and informed us, that poor Will had lived in his family from the time he was ten years of age. "I could trust un with *untould gould*, sir," said he, "and sartin I am, he never wronged me of a *grain* of corn; the poor fellow said as how he warn't well yesterday morning, or else he never would have rode upon the shafts: no, no, he was too merciful to add any weight to the poor beasts; he would sooner have carried one on 'em, than have let them be tired with his weight."

"That I would, indeed, *Measter*," replied the apparently dying man, "but I began spitting of blood about healf an hour arter I left home, and such a like faintness overtook me, that I e'ne was forced to get upon the shafts."

Poor Will gave this account to his master with a difficulty of utterance scarcely to be conceived. I found, therefore, that the bleeding was occasioned by some malady which had occurred before the fall. A post-chaise arrived at this moment, two medical gentlemen sprang out, accompanied by an appentice, laden with splinters, and a large instrument case. One leg, they informed us, must undergo *immediate amputation*, but the other, they were of opinion, might be preserved; yet, when they were informed of the patient's having broken a blood vessel previous to the accident, they resolved to defer the operation until the following day, thinking it would only be torturing the poor sufferer, without preserving his life.

"Am I to be sent to the *hospital, Measter?*" enquired the afflicted sufferer. "No, Will," replied the farmer, with tears in his eyes, "thou hast been a *trusty sarvant* to ME, and I'll take care thou shalt have the best advoice." This intelligence seemed to comfort the poor fellow, for it was evident an *hospital* had been his *dread*. "The Lord reward you," said he, "and bless all your children, for your *own*, and my *Mistress's* sake."

Mr. Middleton, who was too much affected to enter the apartment, intreated me to present the unfortunate man with a five pound note; "for though his master," said he, "appears both humane and generous, this accident will be attended with great expense. The amiable Louisa likewise testified her generosity; and I proved that my heart was warm in the cause of suffering calamity, where the life of a fellow-creature was concerned.

Having seen our luggage deposited in our new conveyance, and proposed to my fellow-travellers taking leave; and having strongly recommended the waggoner to the care of the surgeon and the landlady, I assisted the old gentleman into the chaise, and drove from the White Horse, amidst the blessings of the surrounding multitude, whom this melancholy accident had attracted to the spot.

*(To be continued.)*

## *ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.*

### CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

FEW characters, in modern times, have been more execrated then Catherine de Medicis. Her cruelty was only equalled by her hypocrisy and superstition. An astrologer having prognosticated to her that she would die near St. Germain, she immediately flew, in a most superstitious manner, from all places and churches that bore his name: and because her palace of the Tuilleries was situated in the parish of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, she was at the expense of building another. Four days before the massacre

of St. Bartholomew, upon the marriage of the King of Navarre with Margaret de Valois, she gave that splendid feast, so noticed by historians. Of this entertainment, some memoirs of those times, which are very scarce, contain the following particulars:—"In the hall of the Tuilleries, on the right hand, Paradise was represented, the entrance to which was defended by three knights, (Charles IX. and his brothers), completely armed. On the left was Hell. Paradise and Hell were divided by a river, whereon was a bark, navigated by *Charon*, ferryman of the infernal regions. At one end of the hall, behind Paradise, was the Elysian fields, which consisted of a garden, embellished with verdure, and all kinds of flowers; and the Empyrean heaven, represented by a great wheel, with the twelve signs of the zodiac, the seven planets, and an infinite number of small stars illuminated, shining with great lustre, by means of lamps and flambeauxs, that were artfully disposed behind. This wheel was in continual motion, and occasioned the turning of the garden, wherein were twelve nymphs very richly dressed. In the hall several knights errant appeared: they were armed at all points, habited in a variety of liveries, and conducted by their princes, the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condè. All these knights, who endeavoured to reach Paradise, in order to go afterwards in quest of the nymphs in the garden, were prevented by the three other knights, to whose keeping it had been committed; who, after a severe conflict, drove them towards Hell, whither they were dragged by the devil and his imps. This battle lasted till the knights were vanquished, and dragged one by one into hell, which afterwards closed, and was shut up. At that instant *Mercury* and *Cupid* descended from the skies upon a cock. Then the three knights arose from their seats, passed through Paradise, and went into the Elysian fields, in search of the twelve nymphs, whom they conducted into the middle of the hall, where they danced a ballet, which was exceedingly diversified, and lasted an hour. The ballet being done, the knights who were in Hell were released, and fought together till they broke their pikes. The battle being ended, some trains of gunpowder, which were laid round a fountain, fitted up almost in the middle of the hall, were set fire to, whereby a

noise and smoke were created, which obliged every one to retire. Such was the diversion of the day. "Can one, without shuddering," says M. de Saintfoix, "think of a woman who devises, composes, and prepares a feast on the massacre which she is to commit four days after, upon a great nation over which she reigned! Who smiles at her victims —who plays with carnage—who makes Love and the nymphs dance upon the banks of a river of blood—and who blends the charms of music with the groans of a hundred thousand unfortunate beings, whom she inhumanly destroys!"

---

### MADAME DE LA SUZE.

THE memoirs of Madame de la Suze present a remarkable instance of serenity of mind, under misfortune. This lady, by contending with her husband, had brought herself into extreme embarrassments. Early one morning, an officer came to seize her furniture; her woman acquainting her with the affair, the officer was desired to walk to her chamber, where she was in bed. "Sir," said she, "I have scarce had a wink of sleep to night, and must beg your patience for an hour or two." "Certainly, Madam," was the reply. After which she fell asleep till ten o'clock, and then dressed herself, in order to go and dine in town, where she had been invited. When she had come out of her apartment, she said to the officer, "Sir, I thank you very heartily for your civility, and now *I leave you master here;*" then very composedly went out of the house.

---

### MARGARET OF SCOTLAND.

THIS illustrious personage, the wife of the Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XI. was so enchanted with the wit and eloquence of Alain Chartier, Archdeacon of Paris, and who had been secretary to Charles the Seventh, that perceiving him one day asleep in a chair, she drew near to him, and gave him a salute. Some of her suite expressing surprise that she should condescend to apply her lips to those of a man so void of personal attractions, the princess replied, "She did not kiss the man, but the mouth, which had uttered so many excellent things."

## MADAME DE GEOFFRIN.

THIS lady distinguished herself in the republic of letters, by her attention to literary men. Possessed, by the death of her husband, of a considerable fortune, her house was the rendezvous of the learned, and of such strangers of distinction who visited Paris. To the king of Poland, while travelling under the care of Count Pomatowski, she paid such attention, that the monarch on ascending the throne, invited Madame de Geoffrin (whom he used to call his mother,) to Warsaw; saying, "*Maman, votre fils est roi.*" She was the particular friend of D'Alembert, Themors, and Morellet, who severally extolled her goodness and liberality. Although not remarkable for genius, she had a cultivated mind, and was not deficient in judgment. Some of her maxims and repartées deserve to be remembered, especially these: "We should never suffer grass to grow on the road of friendship."—"Economy is the source of independence and benevolence."—"There are three things which females disregard, time, health, and money." On being told that a certain person was of an artless disposition, she replied, "Beware of him. Is he simple through simplicity?" She was extremely generous; and when she had done a good action, she used to say—*Voila une journée bien employée!*

---

## MARGARET DE VALOIS.

QUEEN Margaret de Valois, first wife to Henry IV. was ever zealous in promoting the glory and tranquillity of the state. She was eminent for her beauty, and to the best of hearts united a noble, compassionate, and generous soul: but her infidelity to her husband tarnished her fame. "Margaret," says Mazery, "never gave to any without apologizing for the smallness of the gift: she was the refuge of men of letters, had always some of them at her table, and improved so much by their conversation, that she spoke much better than any woman of her time." She was so celebrated for her dancing, that Don *Juan*, of Austria, governor of the Low Countries, set out post from Brussels and came to Paris incognito, on purpose to see her dance at a grand ball.

## JULIA DE GONZAGUE.

THIS lady, one of the ornaments of the 16th century, was the wife of Vespasian Colonna, Count de Frondi, and no less celebrated for personal attraction than for virtue and understanding. The fame of her beauty having excited the curiosity and desire of Soliman II. Emperor of the Turks, he commissioned Barbarossa, King of Algiers, and admiral of his fleet, to carry her off. This officer arrived one night at Frondi, where she kept her court, took the town by assault, but failed of seizing his prey. Julia, hearing of the attack, rushed from her chamber, and fled immediately to the mountains, where, after experiencing innumerable difficulties, she eluded her pursuers, and preserved her honour. Upon the death of her husband, to whom she had ever evinced the strongest affection, she refused the most advantageous offers, and devoted herself to religion and solitude. She took for her device an *Amaranth*, usually called *fleur d'amour*; with these words—*Non moritura.*

---

## *JUSTINE.*

JUSTINE was born of poor but industrious parents, enriched only with virtuous simplicity. It appeared, however, that fortune, in some degree, had smiled on her birth, since in consequence of her mother being taken to suckle a neighbour's child, whose parents were in affluent circumstances, she became foster-sister to the young Rosina.

These infants being, as it were, brought up together from the cradle, formed at the earliest period of their lives a permanent affection for each other; and to such lengths did Rosina carry her partiality, that, when the time of separation arrived, her generous and noble mind seemed insensible to every kind of amusement.

Her mother, who loved her with extreme tenderness, (having lost her husband soon after the birth of her child), distrest at seeing her miserable, and desirous of anticipating every wish that could give her happiness, immediately gained her neighbour's consent to take their daughter entirely

under her protection; saying, that she should not only reside with hers, but that she meant herself to superintend their education, and they should both be her children; that of course they ought not to have any further anxiety concerning their child's future welfare, but rejoice at seeing her so happily and so amply provided for. Elated at the proposal, these honest parents the more readily consented, as, being in straitened circumstances, and finding their work decreasing daily, they were scarcely able to maintain their family. Thus did Justine, at five years of age, quit the parental roof, to reside with her young friend.

Rosina's mother being in an extensive mercantile line at Lyons, by no means deemed it a proper situation for the young folks; but giving them to the care of a well-informed female, and an old trusty domestic, she sent them to her country residence, a most beautiful spot, at about three miles distance: where, free from the unavoidable bustle and confusion of a large city, she determined on having them educated, reserving to herself the pleasing satisfaction of visiting them frequently, in order to witness the progress they made in their education.

In this delightful spot did these amiable young friends pass their time in innocent retirement and rational amusements, improving their minds, and enriching their understandings daily, by every species of elegant accomplishments.

With what pleasing emotions did Rosina's mother perceive, that as their judgment and ideas imperceptibly expanded, the tie of friendship became still stronger, and their solicitude for each other increased in the same proportion! Seldom were they tempted to go to Lyons, except when attracted by the desire of seeing their parents, who could not always so conveniently visit them; so that these young folks might be said to have glided through the greatest part of their youth exempted from those fatal trials which are but too often the cause of our misfortunes: and surely the innocent and virtuous simplicity which reigned in their hearts, and had hitherto guided every action of their lives, seemed to insure them a continuance of tranquil and undisturbed serenity. But, alas! how concealed and inex-

plicable are the ways of Heaven! Who can discern those fine and slender threads that often compose the web of our fate!

The lovely and interesting Rosina, in the bloom of youth and beauty (having just entered her eighteenth year), added to an elegant form and pleasing manners a great share of sensibility, and a soul fraught with extreme tenderness, which had too unfortunately been enervated by the reading of novels; and though she had hitherto, at times, experienced only a slight and transient symptom of that baneful and fatal languor, the forerunner of strong and dangerous passions, yet was she on the brink of feeling its most direful effects.

This charming girl having, in one of her excursions to Lyons, seen an Italian youth, a few years older than herself, who had been introduced at her mother's, and whose name was Servietti,—struck with his noble and manly appearance, and a countenance which bespoke wit and sensibility, the too susceptible Rosina found it impossible to regard the young stranger with a look of indifference.

This partiality, on further acquaintance, daily increased; and finding that he not only realised the favourable opinion she had already formed, and possessed a general knowledge of the arts she most admired, but was beloved and countenanced by the first families in Lyons, it is surely not to be wondered that she did not sufficiently guard her unsuspecting heart against the alluring voice of love: a passion which soon after became reciprocal. For the youth, who had frequent opportunities of conversing with this amiable young woman, no longer able to witness such intrinsic merit without feeling similar emotions of partiality, soon formed an attachment, which, to all appearance, might have insured their future happiness, had not Rosina, from a dread of displeasing her mother, (who, she suspected, might be averse to their union,) concealed the fatal flame which preyed on her vitals, and which finally induced this unfortunate pair to hurl themselves together into eternity:—an act which the heart pities, while the judgment condemns.

I cannot follow these unfortunate lovers in the various events which preceded that fatal moment; suffice it to say,

Rosina's visits to her mother became more frequent; till, finding that the country, and its innocent amusements, had lost their wonted charms, and that *ennui* and disgust succeeded, she requested her mother to allow her to remove to Lyons; a request which was immediately complied with by the unsuspecting parent, who, seeing her darling and only child gradually declining, flattered herself that a change of scene might be of service.

The young friends, therefore, quitted their delightful abode, much to Justine's regret; who, with reluctant steps, accompanied Rosina; being fully persuaded that, from her determined secrecy, the happiness she was then pursuing would be but of short duration.

This amiable young woman, who loved her friend with the sincerest attachment, and who, from the first, had known her partiality for Servietti, no sooner saw her with her mother, than she again renewed, by every persuasive and consolatory argument, her entreaties that she would unfold the secret to her tender parent; but finding her still averse, she for a time desisted.

Then, by a thousand kind and affectionate attentions, did this generous girl endeavour to close the wound, and pour the balm of comfort into the heart of her infatuated friend; hoping that, by degrees, she might be led to succeed in restoring to her mind a faint resemblance of the happy, tranquil state, they had once enjoyed:—but in vain. Rosina, rather than believe her friend, cherished the cruel flame; and, instead of seeking the advice of a tender mother, which she stood so much in need of, encouraged the consuming flame in silence, and pined in endless hope.

Justine, on finding that neither tears nor intreaties availed, determined on trying her last resource; and, though a cruel and trying task, she candidly confessed, that, if she still persisted in her silence, she would unavoidably break through every tie of friendship, and prefer relinquishing what she held most dear, rather than become ungrateful to her benefactress. Thus, compelled to sacrifice the confidence of friendship to the sentiments of gratitude, she instantly repaired to Rosina's mother, and not only apprised her of her daughter's deplorable situation and partiality for Servietti, assuring her that she had used every persuasive

argument to prevail on her to disclose the fatal secret, but added, that this confidence was not to be disregarded, for that she knew the attachment preyed on Rosina's mind, and might, in the sequel, prove fatal.

The deluded parent, resting confidently on her daughter's virtue and innocence, paid scarcely any attention to Justine's report; yet, lest she might appear totally to disbelieve it, sent her daughter to Avignon, on a visit to some relatives, where she made a considerable stay:—an absence, which would doubtless have proved effectual, had not the mother's ill-timed affection, who could but ill dispense with the cruel, and, as she thought, unnecessary separation, hastened Rosina's return; for, in consequence of having imparted to Justine the desire she had of fetching her home, they both instantly set off for Avignon, and brought back her daughter, apparently restored to health and spirits. No sooner had she regained her wonted confidence in her friend, than she seemed anxious to return to that delightful abode, where they had previously experienced happiness and content.

The fond and credulous parent, pleased at the request, hastened their departure; far from suspecting that, the moment she acquiesced, her fate would be decided. For, in allowing her to return to solitude, she not only signed her own death-warrant, but that of her beloved child. Ere two months had elapsed since the young friends had quitted Lyons, as they were sitting together at supper, talking over the many interesting scenes they had witnessed from their infancy, and dwelling particularly on the early and lasting friendship they had formed for each other, Rosina suddenly changed colour; and, complaining of indisposition, entreated Justine to excuse her retiring earlier than usual; but not to be alarmed, as she should soon be better.

The unsuspecting friend, from the idea that she had entirely conquered her attachment for Servietti, not having heard her mention him since her return, made no farther inquiry, but remained, till alarmed about an hour after, when all was silent, and every one, as she thought, retired to rest, save herself, by the report of two pistols, which appeared to issue from a part of the house contiguous to their chapel.

Petrified with horror, and filled with a thousand apprehensions, she endeavoured to recollect herself, and directed her tottering steps towards Rosina's apartment,—when, behold! the aged and venerable domestic, previously mentioned, met her before she had been able to reach it, and, with broken and unintelligible accents, intermixed with tears of sorrow, which trickled down his furrowed cheeks, unfolded such a tale as harrowed up her soul! 'His dear young mistress; his child, as he was wont to call her,' (being in the family at the time of her birth); 'his dear young mistress,' he said, 'was no more!—that infamous, that detestable Servietti, had murdered her in the chapel; and, not deeming that a sufficient crime, had added the one of murdering himself.'

Paint to your mind, if you can, the deplorable and agonizing situation of this generous and amiable young woman; for, ere the tale had been half told, she had fainted; and a long time elapsed before she could be restored to her recollection.

On inquiry, it appeared that the lovers had had frequent interviews with each other since Rosina's return, though unknown to her friend, that she had even that very day fixed on the hour for the completion of a deed at which humanity shudders.

To such lengths had these unfortunate victims carried their infatuation, that, in order to fall at one and the same time, the pistols had been tied to the back of a chair, in the form of a *sautoir*, or cross. A prayer-book was found by them, opened at the funeral-service; and close to Rosina a bible, in which lay a paper, soliciting forgiveness from God and her mother, for the rash and atrocious act she was on the eve of committing; requesting her parent, in the tenderest terms, to continue her affection for her friend, who was, indeed, more deserving the appellation of daughter than herself; for, unable to exist without Servietti, she had flown to the cold arms of death to ease her of her sufferings.

Thus, alas! perished, in the prime of life and beauty, these amiable but ill-fated lovers, who would, doubtless, have been ornaments to society, had not a false idea of virtue led them not only to commit suicide, but occasion

the death of a fond and tender parent, who, distracted at the loss of her child, survived her a few days only, and was buried in the same grave.

The unfortunate Justine, the last surviving victim of this mournful tale, finding herself bereft of every comfort, and thrown into a state of penury by the mercenary and cruel hands of wretches who had till now viewed her with envy and dissatisfaction; and who, elated at seeing no provision made for this helpless girl, forced her to return beneath the humble parental roof, where she, with all fortitude and resignation possible, endeavoured to sustain her irreparable loss.

I must add, that I saw enough in her countenance to convince me how unsuccessful would be all attempts at consolation. Worn out and depressed by grief and anguish, the exertion which she made to earn her daily sustenance was more than her weak frame could bear; and I have since heard that she did not long survive the death of her friend.

## *FEMALE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD.*

WITH regard to the fair sex, this chapteral institution of the Order of St. Joachim, is not limited to any certain number. Noble birth, and good extraction—as, being descended from a gentleman; or the being married to a gentleman, whose birth and conduct are unexceptionable; entitles every lady, or dowager of a gentleman; and every young unmarried lady; to be received. They are distinguished in the following manner:

Ladies-Grand-Crosses;
Ladies wearing the small Cross; and,
Ladies-Novices.—

Thus they are classed in the register; and take rank accordingly; deriving from their dignities such benefits and advantages as are particularly attached thereto.

Each noble lady, gentlewoman, or widow, can be immediately received as a Lady-Grand-Cross; or she can be received as a lady wearing the small-Cross, until she is in possession of a Commandery. But so soon as she is in the immediate possession of that dignity, she is obliged to be received as a Lady-Grand-Cross.

A young lady must be at least sixteen years of age before she can be admitted to the honour of receiving the small Cross; and cannot be invested with the dignity of Lady-Grand-Cross until she enjoys a Commandery. But should a young lady be betrothed to a gentleman, in that case she can petition the Grand Master to be admitted as a Lady-Grand-Cross; and, after receiving the diploma, can assume the insignia of a Lady-Grand-Cross on her wedding-day.

Princesses, and the daughters of reigning families, can receive the insignia, as Ladies-Grand-Crosses, as soon as they are baptized: nevertheless, such reception can in no wise prejudice the rights and claims of the oldest members, with respect to the Commanderies attached to this class.

Every gentleman has a power to procure for his daughter (even in her tender youth), a right to the Commandery; and as making a part of her future dowry, he can have her inscribed, or matriculated, as a Novice, as soon as she is born; and until she is in the sixteenth year of her age. From that period, she will regularly advance to the enjoyment of a Commandery, according to her turn; and without interruption.

So soon as the sixteen years are accomplished, the Lady-Novice must be formally received and admitted to the honours of the small-Cross, otherwise she will soon lose her claims to a Commandery.

A young lady, wearing the small-Cross, and who marries a man who possesses not hereditary nobility, or who is not strictly speaking a gentleman, does not thereby deprive herself of her right to a Commandery. But she cannot attain to the rank of Lady-Grand-Cross previous to her being in the actual possession of a Commandery. Until she is invested therewith, she must continue to wear the insignia of a lady of the order, unless her husband be created a nobleman, or procure some employment which entitles him to the rank of a gentleman.

As personal virtue, hereditary nobility, and gentility of descent or extraction entitle ladies to be admitted into this equestrian foundation and chapteral order, so, on the contrary, a vicious life, corrupted morals, and disorderly manners, are an insuperable bar. All those are formally and absolutely excluded whose conversation, life, and manners,

are repugnant to the principles of religion, morality, and female honour. When on such accounts a lady is denounced to the order by a Knight thereof, as having insinuated herself therein, (although her life and conduct are such as render her unworthy of being received) then the right appertains to the Grand-Master, and to the general chapter, to degrade so unworthy a person, and to deprive her of the insignia, and that without even being obliged to name the accuser—Nevertheless, the person so degraded has a right to examine the protocol of the general chapter, to the end that she may exhibit her defence. Thereupon the Counsellor of Justice is obliged to plead her cause, and *that* in the manner the most advantageous for her reputation and honour. Should it, however, be proved, that such a lady is really innocent, in that case the denouncer shall be named, and as a calumniating brother, shall be degraded from the order, and expelled from its bosom. To accusations preferred, or denunciations made by anonymous persons, by such as are guided by malice or credulity, and who are not Knights of this Order, no attention will be given. They shall, *in toto*, be deemed false, scandalous, and ill-founded, and treated as such.

As this equestrian, secular, and chapteral order has chosen the holy Joachim as a model for imitation, and as an example, whose virtues are ever worthy the imitation of all good men, so is it the particular duty of the ladies to regard the piety, the resignation, the patience, and the peaceable domestic virtues of the holy Anna, his spouse, (the mother of the blessed Virgin Mary) as patterns worthy their especial imitation. Moreover, the ladies who are received are obliged to observe the practice of all the duties which are specified with respect to the knights; that is to say, so far as is consistent with the difference of sexes. They must endeavour to distinguish themselves, above other women, by the practice of every moral and social virtue; and must conscientiously fulfil the duties attached to their sex, and which especially appertain unto them, as wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. Inviolable fidelity in the marriage state, tenderness and carefulness with regard to the persons and education of their children, mildness and beneficence towards their inferiors and servants, and charity and generosity to-

wards the poor and needy, the widow and the fatherless, ought ever to be the cardinal points of the compass of life, by which they must steer their conduct, and regulate the whole of their lives and actions.—Moreover, they are obliged to take the three following vows:

1. As well in the single as in the married state, they shall educate children as true mothers ought to do; that is to say, such as are intrusted to their care, in the first instance, and such as are their own in the second. They must endeavour to make them useful members of the state to which they belong; and must further and promote the education of other young people.
2. Each lady of the order must distinguish herself with respect to her apparel, by wearing none but honourable and decent dresses.
3. Each lady of the order must avoid playing at games of hazard; and never play deep upon any occasion; since gaming has but too often been, and still too frequently is, the ruin of many families.

To the fair sex, who are received into this illustrious, equestrian, secular, and chapteral institution, are assigned the same insignia as those which are attributed to, and worn by the Knights; save that in the place of the golden helmet, the cross is surmounted with a golden Death's head, placed upon two cross bones. This emblem is meant to point out to the ladies the fragility of human beauty; to make them never lose sight of their latter end; and, as a reflecting mirror, whenever they look thereupon, to shew that the Christian and moral virtues are far superior to all external charms, and are, in reality, the only basis on which can be built true felicity in this world, and a happy eternity in the one which is to come.

## *FILIAL PIETY.*

[Continued from page 88.]

*Amina.*—Well, now, my princess again—have I acquitted myself to your satisfaction?

*Selima.*—Perfectly, though mischievously.

*Amina.*—And what do you design to do for the youth?

*Selima.*—Relate his story to my father, and interest him in his favour, only concealing his visit here.

*Amina.*—And what end will that answer?

*Selima.*—Relief for his mother, and a more lucrative post for him.

*Amina.*—Mighty good, and the youth will be removed out of your sight for ever!

*Selima (sighing).*—That is too true; but it must be so.

*Amina.*—Why, my princess? You can supply all their wants; and though it will be no longer necessary for Achmet to labour, he can loiter about the gardens, and have frequent opportunities of conversing with you. Ah! it was easy to perceive the passion your charms had inspired him with.

*Selima.*—Another sentence like that, Amina, would lose you my friendship for ever. I already repent my own imprudence in yielding to such a hopeless passion. I cannot deny that I perceive Achmet regards me with partial eyes; but never will I so far abuse my noble father's confidence as to encourage views which he would disapprove. Time may alter the situation of this amiable youth; till then, he must be banished. I will be faithful to him, and do all in my power to serve him; but honour and duty forbid my seeing him again.

*Amina.*—It is a resolution worthy of my princess. Heaven send that such amiable heroism may meet its just reward.

*(Enter slave).*—His Highness the Sultan wishes to speak with Lady Selima.

*Selima.*—I attend my royal parent. Come, Amina.

[*Exit.*]

---

SCENE III.—*Fatima's apartment.*

[*Fatima reclining on a couch. Achmet sketching a portrait with crayons on the wall.*

*Achmet.*—See, mother, I have almost completed my work: I told you her beautiful features were too deeply impressed on my memory to be forgotten. Did you ever behold a more enchanting countenance.

*Fatima.*—Perhaps admiration makes you a flatterer; but go, my child, the night is far advanced, you must not trespass on the kindness and indulgence of your old master, or he will not allow you to visit me so often. Bear my grateful thanks to the lady, for her generous intentions towards me.

*Achmet.*—Heaven bless you, my beloved mother, keep up your spirits, and depend on my never-ceasing affection. Do not sit up too late.

*Fatima.*—I will retire immediately.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

---

SCENE.—*The street before the house.*

[*A stranger crossing the stage is attacked by two robbers. —Achmet rushing forward, wrestles with and disarms one of them, and springing upon the other, wounds him and obliges him to fly.*]

*Stranger.*—Brave youth, you have done me an essential service; to whom am I indebted for this gallant rescue?

*Achmet.*—Sir, I am happy to have done you a service, though I am but a poor labourer in the sultan's gardens.

*Stranger.*—Indeed, your valour entitles you to a more distinguished office; how are you called?

*Achmet.*—Achmet, Sir. But you bleed, I fear your hurt is greater than you are aware of; my mother lives in this house, our abode is humble, but if we can render you any assistance, we will perform it as willingly as if we inhabited a palace.

*Stranger.*—I doubt it not; and will requite your attention.

*Achmet.*—We seek not reward, Sir, for the common offices of humanity; please to lean on me, Sir.

[*They enter the house.*]

---

SCENE IV.—*Fatima's chamber.*

Enter *Achmet* leading the *Stranger.*

*Achmet.*—I hope she is not gone to bed. Ho, mother, mother, are you awake?

Enter *Fatima.*

*Fatima.*—My dear Achmet, what is the matter?

*Achmet.*—Pardon me, mother, for disturbing you thus, but this stranger has been beset by villains, and wounded.

*Fatima.*—Ah, this is a wretched part of the town, such disturbances are but too frequent.

[*She assists Achmet to bind up the Stranger's arm.*]

*Achmet.*—It is but a flesh wound I perceive, and will, I trust, be soon healed. I am sorry, Sir, we have no refreshment to offer, such as you could partake.

*Stranger.*—There needs no apology, I have already intruded on your hospitality; your mother, I see, is ill, she requires rest. I feel perfectly able to reach my own residence. *(Looking round, he perceives Selima's picture, and starts, with evident emotion.)* Ha! what do I see? The portrait of the princess.

*Achmet.*—Your agitation surprises me, Sir; do you know the original of this imperfect sketch?

*Stranger, (aside.)*—I shall betray myself if I am not more cautious. Yes, I think I have some recollection, a confused idea; indulge me with the information how you was enabled to obtain such an accurate resemblance.

*Achmet.*—It is my own performance, Sir, drawn from faithful memory.

*Stranger, (eagerly).*—Have you seen her then?

*Achmet, (confused).*—Yes, once.

*Stranger.*—Was the princess so indiscreet?

*Achmet.*—The princess; oh, no; *(aside).* What shall I say, I must not betray her. I will own to you that I have seen the lovely Amina, the companion of the princess; and my heart will retain the impression her charms have made to the latest hour of my existence.

*Stranger, (aside).*—So, so, here is a mystery; but I will discover it all. Well, young man, your secret is in safe hands; but, as a friend, I advise you to be cautious how you proceed. Now, farewell, accept this in token of my gratitude. [*Offering a purse.*]

*Achmet.*—Sir, it must not be; I seek no recompence.

*Stranger. (Throwing it on the table.)*—This is false delicacy, and must not be humoured; the purse is yours —good night.

*Achmet follows him to the door; then returning, seats himself by his mother.*

*Achmet.*—What an odd man, mother, who can he be?

*Fatima.*—One of the Sultan's attendants, perhaps; I hope he will not betray you.

*Achmet.*—It would be ungenerous in the extreme, if he should. Well, mother, I must again wish you a good night.

*Fatima.*—Good night, my son, Heaven preserve you.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## *PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.*

(From Coxe's Historical Tour in Monmouthshire.)

AS Mrs. Williams, wife of Mr. Edward Williams, brazier, was returning from the village of Caerleon to the town, at eleven o'clock at night, with a candle and lanthorn, the violence of the current forced away four piers, and a considerable part of the bridge. On a fragment of this mass, consisting of an entire room, with the beams, posts, and flooring, she was hurried down the river; but preserved sufficient presence of mind to support herself by the railing. On arriving near St. Julian's, the candle was extinguished; she immediately screamed for help, and was heard by several persons, who started out of their beds to assist her; but the violence of the stream had already hurried her beyond their reach. During this time she felt little apprehension, as she entertained hopes of being delivered by the boatmen of Newport; her expectations were increased by the numerous lights which she discerned in the houses, and she accordingly redoubled her cries for assistance, though without effect.

The fragment on which she stood being broken to pieces against a pier of Newport bridge, she fortunately bestrode a beam, and after being detained for some minutes by the eddies at the bridge, was rapidly hurried along towards the

sea. In this perilous situation she resigned herself to her approaching fate, and addressing herself to Heaven, exclaimed, "Oh Lord, I trust in thee, thou alone canst save me."

About a mile from Newport, she discovered a glimmering light in a barge, which was moored near the shore: and, redoubling her cries, was heard by the master of the vessel. After hailing her, and learning her situation, he cried out, "Keep up your spirits, and you will soon be out of danger;" then leaping into the boat with one of his men, rowed towards the place from whence the screams proceeded; but some time elapsed before he overtook her, at a considerable distance from the anchorage of his barge. The night was so dark that they could not discern each other, and the surf swelling violently, the master repeated his exhortations, charged her to be calm, and not attempt to quit her station. Fortunately a sudden dispersion of the clouds enabled him to lash the beam fore and aft to the boat. At this moment, however, her presence of mind forsook her, and eagerly attempting to throw herself forward, she was checked by the oaths of the seamen, who were at length enabled to heave her into the boat; but could not disengage themselves from the beam till they had almost reached the mouth of the Usk. This being effected, not without great difficulty, they rowed to the shore, and embayed themselves till the first dawn of the morning, when they conveyed her in the boat to Newport. Though Mrs. Williams was in an advanced state of pregnancy, she received so little injury from this perilous accident, that after a few hours repose she returned to Caerleon.

## *REPARTEE.*

(FROM THE SAME WORK.)

WERNDEE, the seat of the family of the Herberts, which has lately been repaired for the use of the tenant, was in such a state of dilapidation, that the father of the last proprietor, Mr. Proger, was in danger of perishing under

the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. As we examined the house, Mr. Dinwoody related an anecdote of this Mr. Proger, which exhibits his pride of ancestry in a striking point of view. A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrrid, made various enquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighbouring houses, and among others, asked, "Whose is this antique mansion before us?"—"That, Sir, is Werndee, a very ancient house; for *out* of it *came* the Earls of Pembroke, of the first line, and the Earls of Pembroke of the second line; the Lords Herbert of Cherbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook, Rumney, Caerdiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton; the Earl of Hunsdon; the Jones's of Treowen and Lanarth, and all the Powells. *Out* of this house also, by the female line, *came* the Dukes of Beaufort."—"And pray, Sir, who lives there now?"—"I do, Sir."—"Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice: *Come out* of it yourself, or 'twill tumble and crush you."

---

## *Cabinet of Fashion,*

### WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

*Fig.* 1. A straw hat, trimmed with white satin ribbon; embroidered mantle, and buff gloves. Dress of cambric.

*Fig.* 2. A cantab turban, trimmed with pink crape and gold tassels; shawl of pink silk, with a white border, and spangled tassels; necklace of white paste; clear muslin dress; white kid gloves.

*Fig.* 3. A worked leno dress, with a sash of lilac crape fixed on the shoulder with a diamond button, and ornamented with gold tassels; hair fashionably dressed, with a bandeau of diamonds.

WALKING DRESSES. FULL DRESS.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry. Sep.r 1.1807.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE

# APOLLONIAN WREATH.

## *EDWARD AND AMANDA.*

### PART I.

NOW had the night her sable curtain spread,
And welcome sleep had seal'd each weary eye,
All but Amanda's; she still anxious watch'd,
And from her heart broke forth the frequent sigh.

For, ah! in vain she courted balmy rest,
While now the wave tumultuous dash'd the shore;
And now the storm was blackened o'er the main,
And loud the hollow wind was heard to roar.

"O Edward!" oft she cried with trembling breath,
"How do I fear for thee the threat'ning storm!
"Kind Heav'n protect thee thro' this dreary night!
"In safety may'st thou view to-morrow's morn!"

Oft thus she pray'd, for Edward still she lov'd,
As he Amanda, with the truest heart;
Long had they both their mutual passion told,
Yet from each other's arms were doom'd to part.

What struggles then their faithful bosoms tried!
Fain would they each have cur'd the other's pain;
But to thyself did all thy reasonings fail,
And thy best arts, O Edward! prov'd in vain.

Amanda still thy captive bosom rul'd,
Her very name was transport to thy breast;
And what to thee avail'd thy deepest lore,
While yet her imag'd-self thy heart possess'd?

"Ah, Love!" he cried, "what pity claims the wretch,
"Doom'd in thy hopeless miseries to mourn!
"And Mem'ry! what art thou but e'en a curse,
"Too sweet to lose, too bitter to be borne!"

Through lonely shades, congenial, thence he roam'd;
To these he thought for fancied ease to go;
Here Resignation meek he, pensive, woo'd,
For thus he hop'd to bury all his woe.

But, Solitude! thou softest nurse of love,
Ill could thy scenes compose his restless mind;
Thou deeper still didst fix the tender wound,
From thee what lover yet relief could find?

Away from shades and meditative groves,
Back to the world he turn'd, and sought repose;
Amid ten thousand cares behold him thrown,
Perchance in dark oblivion *one* to close.

"Far, far, from every scene of once-known bliss
"Bear me," he cried, "ah! e'en to India's shore;
"Die every trace of sweet rememb'rance past,
"For, oh! why think on bliss, when now no more?"

But still, Amanda, dwelt his heart on thee,
When now resolv'd for distant climes to go;
And 'round thy favourite haunt at length he came,
There, ling'ring, sigh'd, then spake the sad adieu.

*(To be continued.)*

## *LINES ON CASHIOBURY PARK.*

YE who love the rural scene,
A waterfall and prospects green;
Ye who love the rural shade,
Where nought but pleasing sounds invade
Waters dashing from the steep,
Or the bell from distant sheep;
Ye who love such scenes to mark,
Haste to Cashiobury Park.

Sweet about thy shades to rove,
Chesnuts spreading far above;
Sweet to hear the distant chime,
And the rising hill to climb;
Sweet Philomel here swells his throat,
And drowns the woodman's humble note;
While echo bears the mastiff's bark,
Tho' far from Cashiobury Park.

Sweet to loiter here awhile,
And view beneath the Gothic pile;
Sweet to feel the healthful breeze,
Whispering through the stately trees;
Sweet the blackbird's song to hear,
From the wood in notes most clear;
Sweet to listen to the lark,
Each morn in Cashiobury Park.

Tho' no thronging crowds advance,
Or airy sprites lead on the dance;
Yet 'mongst thy trees, when clad in green,
Merry groups are often seen;
Here good humour oft prevails,
And laughter echoes in the gales;
Did fashion call, what crowds would hark,
And haste to Cashiobury Park.

Would Fashion's votaries hither hie,
Here are scenes to please the eye;
Gardens here with sweets abound,
Appearing like enchanted ground;
Beauties opening to the view,
Down the shady avenue;
Sweet to wander here till dark,
And muse in Cashiobury Park.

To sing thy noble owner's praise,
'Tis their's who write in loftier lays;
But I an humbler path must chuse,
A simple and unletter'd muse;
Yet I will wish in uncouth lay,
His years may happy roll away;
O may no ill the future mark,
But fly from Cashiobury Park.

## *THE COTTAGE.*

OH! share my cottage, gentle maid,
It only waits for thee,
To give a sweetness to the shade,
And happiness to me.

But envious pride it cannot boast,
'Tis all simplicity;
No perfumes from Arabia's coast,
Nor costly gems thou'lt see.

The jasmine and the woodbine twin'd,
Present their sweets to thee;
And every balmy breath of wind
Is fill'd with harmony.

Here from the splendid gay parade,
Of noise and folly free;
No sorrows can my peace invade,
If only blest with thee.

A truly fond and faithful heart
Is all I offer thee;
And can'st thou see me thus depart,
A prey to misery?

Then share my cottage, dearest maid,
It only waits for thee,
To add fresh beauty to the shade,
And happiness to me.

ISABELLA.

## *WRITTEN DURING A STORM,*

### WHILE A FRIEND WAS AT SEA.

WAK'D from the pleasing dreams of balmy sleep,
Breathless I listen to the tempest's roar;
Loud howls the wind across the foaming deep,
And waves responsive lash the rocky shore.

The peal'ing thunder adds its awful sound,
The vivid lightning shooting through the skies;
With partial glare illumes the gulph profound,
And o'er the raging surge impetuous flies.

The rising fury of the blast I hear,
And all the horrors of the tempest see;
Yet my fond bosom owns no selfish fear,
No dread of danger, but what threatens thee.

Where, my poor boy, amid this dreadful storm,
Amid this war of elemental strife;
Where find a shelter for thy wearied form?
How shun the fate that presses on thy life?

Yet, there's a God omnipotent to save,
Who from each danger can my boy defend,
Protect and save him from a wat'ry grave,
And prove the helpless sailor's guardian friend!

ISABELLA.

## *MODERN SONNET*

### TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL, thou! who liest so snug in this old box,
With sacred awe I bend before thy shrine!
Oh! 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine.

Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days!
Well curl'd and powder'd, once it was thy lot
To balls frequent, and masquerades, and plays,
And panoramas, and the lord knows what!

Alas! what art thou now? a mere old mop!
With which our housemaid, Nan, who hates a broom,
Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,
Then slyly hides thee in the lumber-room.

Such is the fate of *wigs*, and *mortals* too!
After a few more years than thine are past,
The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Must all be shut up in a box at last.

Vain *man!* to talk so loud, and look so big!
How small's the difference 'twixt thee and a *wig!*
How small indeed! for speak the truth I must,
*Wigs* turn to *dusters*, and *man* turns to *dust*.

M——N. M.

## *STANZAS.*

### A PARODY.

OH! cease to ring, ye village bells,
Though some may say your tones speak gladness;
Alas! where woe the bosom swells,
Your tones are surely tones of sadness.

Yet once I lov'd, when life was young,
To listen to your merry chiming;
Oh, then I danc'd while soft ye rung,
And prais'd ye then in pleasure's rhyming.

But now how alter'd are thy sounds,
Since I have felt the force of grieving;
They ope afresh woe's half-heal'd wounds,
And give to sorrow no relieving.

Ah! cease to ring, ye village bells,
  Though some may say your tones speak gladness;
Alas! where woe the bosom swells,
  Your tones are surely tones of sadness.

J. M. L.

## *SONNET TO ELINOR.*

I LOVE to rove where tulips grow,
  And pionies the garden share;
Where lilies emulate the snow,
  And blooming roses scent the air;
While dreams of power fools inflate,
Here let me sit and meditate.

For in the tulip I can trace
  The haughty beauty's conscious pride,
When, with a fascinating face,
  She o'er a myriad can preside;
Can scoff at pain, can smile at woe,
And see the tear unpitied flow.

But soon her reign of bliss is past,
  And soon her blooming charms must fail,
As flowers fall before the blast,
  When chilling auster rules the gale;
So shall her beauty fade away,
Like the short sunshine of a day.

The gaudy piony elate,
  In gay and blooming colours drest,
Reminds me of the fair one's fate,
  When vanity pervades her breast;
She grows conceited, selfish, vain,
And all her lovers quit her train.

The lily's modest charm pourtrays
  The cold and frozen-hearted maid,
Who, shrinking from the public gaze,
  In solitude obtains a shade;
Retires from life and hides her bloom,
Amidst a sad and pensive gloom.

But when the lovely rose I view,
  All other flow'rs before it fade,
While in idea I pursue
  The semblance of my lovely maid;
Of her who in this bosom dwells,
And every other nymph excels.

And now, methinks, I hear a sigh,
  Which echo blabs in yonder gale,
To wish her absent Edward nigh,
  And hear again his love-sick tale;
A sigh which far more fragrance breaths,
Than rosy May's entwining wreaths.

O could I but my suit obtain,
  For her I'd quit each other joy,
For her I'd quit the blooming train,
  That chain the heart and charm the eye;
And far from town to hamlets rove,
Blest with my Elinor and love.

## *CHARADES.*

### I.

WHEN angry winds torment the swelling main,
My *first* will be the place you wish to gain;
But for my *first* you'll shed a sorrowing tear,
Unless my *second* shall the first appear.

But though my second you with joy may see,
And at my first in safety hope to be,
Avoid my whole, it oft has prov'd the grave
Of females lovely and of seamen brave.

### II.

What is that which, when the morning
  Scares away the grey-eyed night,
Ever hails the cheerful dawning,
  As it takes its early flight?—
'Tis my *first*; my *second* ever
  You may find amidst the chace:
Now, my readers, if you're clever,
  Find a flower full of grace.

## *ANSWER*

TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

WHEN sportsmen seek the timid hare,
The joy of rural sports to share,
  'Mongst *furze* they beat about;
And when their fearful game is found,
The hills, the vales, the woods resound,
  The happy sportsman's shout.

The *furze* is green throughout the year,
In wintry days the eye to cheer,
When ev'ry tree is bare;
And in the summer's vernal hours,
It spreads abroad its golden flow'rs,
To make the prospect fair.

But caution take, ye playful young,
For though "with golden baskets hung,"
Each blossom has its guard;
"A troop of swords" start forth to wound,
And if a daring hand is found,
It meets a poor reward.

And when at last with sturdy blow,
The lab'rer lays the *furze-bush* low,
Its blossoms fade and die;
But though its vernal bloom decays,
It helps to form the wintry blaze,
When round the snow-storms fly.

J. M. L.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE will endeavour to comply with the request of our *anonymous* correspondent next month.

"Feraando's" communication deserves much praise, considered as a first attempt. We shall take the liberty of making one or two alterations in it, and shall then insert it.

We wish J. C. would confine himself to humble *prose*. He would certainly be more successful than in *poetry*.

"Louisa's" address to Hymen will be inserted in its turn.

"The Miller's Maid" and "Extempore Lines," by J. M. L.; the communication under the signature of "a Monthly Reader;" "Kenrick's Adieu;" and various other favours which we cannot specifically acknowledge, are intended for insertion.

We hope, in conjunction with many of our correspondents, to hear shortly from the authoress of the elegant and interesting tale of the "Cave of St. Sidwell."

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Viscountess Castlereagh